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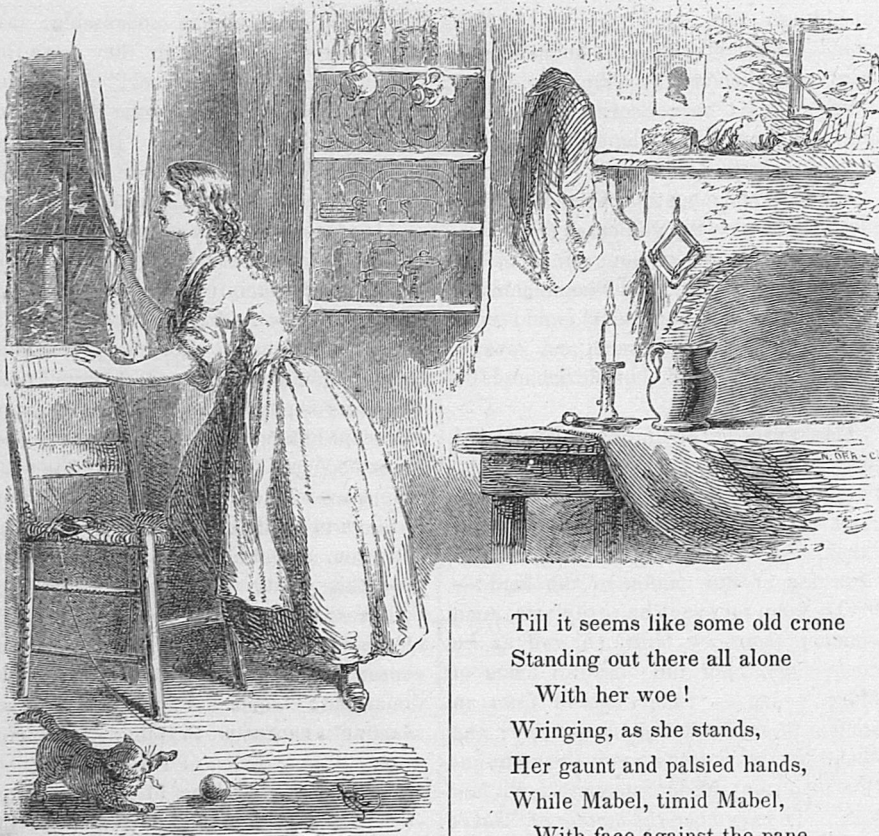
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THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

## I.

MABEL, little Mabel,  
 With face against the pane,  
 Looks out across the night  
 And sees the Beacon Light  
 A-trembling in the rain.  
 She hears the sea-birds screech,  
 And the breakers on the beach  
 Making moan, making moan.  
 And the wind about the eaves  
 Of the cottage sobs and grieves;  
 And the willow tree is blown  
 To and fro, to and fro:



Till it seems like some old crone  
 Standing out there all alone  
 With her woe!  
 Wringing, as she stands,  
 Her gaunt and palsied hands,  
 While Mabel, timid Mabel,  
 With face against the pane,  
 Looks out across the night,  
 And sees the Beacon Light  
 A-trembling in the rain.

## II.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,  
 And make the cabin warm;  
 Your little fisher-lover  
 Is out there in the storm,  
 And your father—you are weeping!  
 O Mabel, timid Mabel,  
 Go, spread the supper-table,  
 And set the tea a-steeping.  
 Your lover's heart is brave,  
 His boat is staunch and tight;  
 And your father knows the perilous reef  
 That makes the water white.  
 —But Mabel, Mabel darling,  
 With face against the pane,  
 Looks out across the night  
 At the Beacon in the rain.

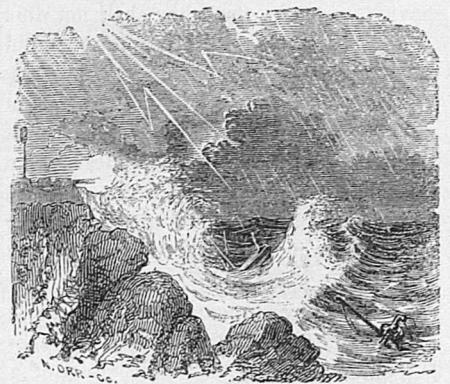
## III.

The heavens are veined with fire!  
 And the thunder, how it rolls!

In the lullings of the storm  
 The solemn church-bell tolls,  
 For lost souls!  
 But no sexton sounds the knell  
 In that belfry old and high:  
 Unseen fingers sway the bell  
 As the wind goes tearing by!  
 How it tolls for the souls  
 Of the sailors on the sea!  
 God pity them, God pity them,  
 Wherever they may be!  
 God pity wives and sweethearts  
 Who wait and wait in vain!  
 And pity little Mabel  
 With her face against the pane.

## IV.

A boom!—the Light-house gun!  
 (How its echo rolls and rolls!)  
 'Tis to warn the home-bound ships  
 Off the shoals!  
 See! a rocket cleaves the sky  
 From the Fort—a shaft of light!  
 See! it fades, and fading leaves  
 Golden furrows on the night!  
 What made Mabel's cheeks so pale?  
 What made Mabel's lips so white?  
 Did she see the helpless sail  
 That, tossing here and there,  
 Like a feather in the air,  
 Went down and out of sight?  
 Down, down, and out of sight!



Oh, watch no more, no more,  
 With face against the pane;  
 You cannot see the men that drown  
 By the Beacon in the rain!

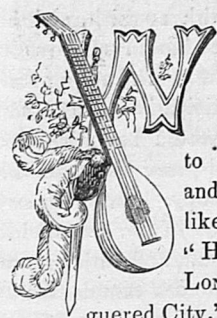
V.

From a shoal of richest rubies  
Breaks the morning clear and cold;  
And the angel on the village spire,  
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.  
Four ancient fishermen,  
In the pleasant autumn air,  
Come toiling up the sands,  
With something in their hands—  
Two bodies stark and white,  
Ah, so ghastly in the light,  
With sea-weed in their hair'



O, ancient fishermen,  
Go up to yonder cot!  
You'll find a little child,  
With face against the pane;  
Who looks toward the beach,  
And, looking, sees it not.  
She will never watch again!  
Never watch and weep at night!  
For those pretty, saintly eyes  
Look beyond the stormy skies,  
And they see the Beacon Light.

## PLAGIARISM IN HIGH PLACES.



WE have never seen noticed by the critics, a striking piece of plagiarism which seems to us much more bold and apparent than the likeness between Poe's "Haunted Palace," and LONGFELLOW'S "Beleaguered City," about which so much has been said. We refer to Hood's "Fair

the whole idea and spirit of which are taken from BURNS' "Bonnie Lesley."

That the beautiful and celebrated Inez should owe her existence to the incomparable Lesley, is not, perhaps, a matter of regret; since, without the latter, we might never have had the former. But it certainly detracts much from the credit of the author that this, his most charming creation, owes so much of its glory to BURNS.

POE, in his Lecture upon the "Poetic principle," says: "One of the noblest, and, speaking of fancy, one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets was HOOD. His "Fair Inez" had always, for me, an inexpressible charm."

It is curious that one so subtle in analysis, so keen in detecting even shadows of imitation, and so merciless in exposing them as POE, should have bestowed his meed of admiration so entirely, without hinting at the source from which HOOD drew his inspiration.

Although the poems are, doubtless, familiar to our readers, we will quote them, to substantiate our assertion:

## BONNIE LESLEY.

"O, saw ye bonnie Lesley,  
As she gaed o'er the border?  
She's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her forever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects we, before thee  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
The hearts of men adore thee!

The deil he could na scaith thee,  
Or aught that wa'd belang thee;  
He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon will tent thee;  
Misfortune sha' na steir thee;  
Thou'rt, like themselves, sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonia!  
That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie."

Now, mark the surprising similarity in the beginning, the idea, and the management of

## FAIR INEZ.

"O, saw ye not fair Inez?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest.

She took our daylight with her—  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh turn again, fair Inez,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright.  
And blessed will the lover be  
Who walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Inez,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near!  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Inez,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners moved before;  
And gentle youth, and maiden gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore—  
It would have been a beauteous dream  
If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Inez,  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad and felt no mirth,  
But only music wrong,  
In sounds that sang 'Farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long!"

Farewell, farewell, fair Inez:  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before.  
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blest one lover's heart,  
Has broken many more!"

We have italicized some of the most palpable plagiarisms; but there are others, felt as well as seen, running through the whole of Hood's poem. That his "Fair Inez" is by far the most exquisitely finished of the two, is true; but to BURNS must for ever belong all the glory of the conception, and the beautiful poetical conceits which form the charm of both poems. The calling upon others to know if they, too, have seen the splendid departure of the lady; the extravagant praise of her beauty; the calling upon her to turn and not leave the land in darkness; the assertion that she is adored by many men, and that even her country will feel the loss of her superlative loveliness, are all BURNS'S own charming conceits, adopted bodily into the verses of THOMAS HOOD. "Fair Inez" is but a sweet, prolonged echo of the Scottish "Bonnie Lesley."